

—We are much indebted to our friend J. M. McBRAYER, of the California State Assembly, for several very interesting public documents.

The French are as arrogant as they are valiant. By dint of sheer impudence, they have managed, for more than a century, to make their language the universal medium of communication over the whole of the globe. If you can jabber French, you may travel abroad anywhere—to Spain or Rio Janeiro, to Tobolsk or Timbuctoo—secure that everywhere you will find some one you can talk with. If you do not know French, then, too, you had as many other tongues at your fingers' ends as a polyglot German Professor of Philology, you had better stay at home until you have added French to your stock. This is so well understood in Europe, that every well-educated person is supposed to read French as a matter of course.

In this country, French does not, as in Europe, enter into the regular routine of ordinary education; few, even of well-educated persons, read or speak it. Now, out of this state of things there arises for us an inconvenience and an evil. The inconvenience is, that current French literature being scarcely ever translated for the use of English readers, the great writers of the mother-country come to us as if they were a foreign people—sometimes a large one—of untranslatable French. For instance, readers of Jane Eyre will remember meeting in it with whole pages of French extracts, besides fragments of French dialogues. And the evil is, that the French books which are translated for the use of American readers, consist chiefly of the exciting fictions of Eugene Sue, Alexandre Dumas, Paul de Kock, &c., from the English versions of which all the author's pathos, humor, and flashes of genius are found to have evaporated, leaving nothing behind for the American reader but the dead carcass of a lifeless tale. And thus, French fiction has got into bad odor among us.

But France has a number of moral, healthy, talented writers, equal as a body to the novelists of any age or country. These well deserve the careful study of American youth; but they are unknown among us; they deal not in the staple of seduction, adultery and monstrous crimes; they paint no exaggerated pictures of the hideous depths or inaccessible heights of social life; they paint human nature, and the course of human life, as they find it, but they paint it ennobled and purified, and glided by the lines of their own genius. Such writers, tranquil and unobtrusive in style, when "brought into English," would, by no means suit the tastes of the millions of readers for whom such feverish books as Sue's "Wandering Jew" are furnished, as a substitute for the stimulants of Brandy and Poker.

Among the tranquil French writers, Madame Charles Reybaud is our especial favorite. She has not the passionate eloquence, the stormy power of "George Sand" (Madame Dudevant), but her special walk she is unrivalled in modern literature; we know not her equal among the English female novelists. She has the calm repose of manner, and the high moral tone of Miss Edgeworth, and her pictures are as graphic, and her men and women as distinct and life-like, as those of the authoress of Jane Eyre. Her style is a model of purity and grace, and her writings are pervaded by a depth of womanly tenderness, most fascinating to male readers.

Madame Reybaud is not a voluminous writer. We believe her latest production is "Faustine, a tale of French provincial life." From this charming novel, we published some months ago in our columns a translated chapter. We now lay before our readers the concluding chapter of the work.

For a full understanding of this chapter, we will give a sketch of the story. Faustine, the daughter of a military officer of high rank and illustrious descent, is found at the opening of the tale toiling day and night, in company with her aunt Victoire, for a bare subsistence. She is solicited in marriage by Gaston de Giropey, the son of a rich neighbor, and a deep attachment springs up between the youthful pair. But many causes and incidents defeat the match; and afterwards she is made to believe that her lover is on the point of marrying a rich heiress in a distant city. At this juncture a stranger, Monsieur Alexandre—an eccentric, ignorant, vulgar tradesman, but a rich and good natured man—abruptly offers her marriage, and, yielding to the influence of morbid and conflicting emotions, and to the persuasions of the elders about her, she accepts him. He takes her to Paris with him, to aid in the management of his shop; (French wives are their husbands' clerks, book-keepers and cashiers—and capital ones they make). Two monotonous years roll over; Faustine has bowed her mind to her lot, and she labors earnestly to perform the duties of her station, and to love her uncouth lord. Suddenly she discovers by accident, that Gaston de Giropey, her first lover, is still unmarried; that his ardent love for her has never changed; and that his life is consuming away a prey to his hopeless passion. The revelation makes total shipwreck of her peace of mind. It is at this point that our chapter takes up the narrative.

The characters are drawn with masterly truth and power. The coarse, vulgar tradesman, as his mental miseries thicken around him, rises up gradually before us almost into the dimensions of an "Archangel ruined." Faustine is an exquisite—a Shakespearean—creation, timid, sensitive, implicitly obedient to all around her, yet hiding in the depths of her woman's soul a slumbering volcano of energy, heroism and impassioned love. The terrible catastrophe, in its seemingly artless narration, is worked out with high artistic power and skill; and the closing scene comes over us like a strain of soft music, calming the soul to peace after its depths have been tumultuously moved.

The translation is from the pen of the same young lady who furnished us the former chapter. We think we see marks of great improvement in her style. The version is faithfully executed, and reflects credit on the taste and skill of the fair and talented translator. We trust we shall often hear from our accomplished correspondent "Matilda."

[Translated for the Yeoman.

FAUSTINE.

BY MADAME CHARLES REYBAUD.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER this day's excursion, Faustine re-entered her house, more changed than if she had returned from travelling over a quarter of the globe, through a thousand dangers; she was so debilitated, so dejected, that her husband insisted that she should confine herself to the quiet of her chamber,—there at least could she reflect upon her unhappy situation, and weep in liberty.

The week passed away without any news from Madame de Giropey; but before the end of the following week, she wrote to Faustine to announce to her that she was about setting out for home, and would not pass through Paris. Her letter was short, affectionate, and said: she bade adieu to the young wife, as if henceforth they were to be separated forever.

"So then, this good lady is gone," said Monsieur Alexandre, after reading her letter aloud according to his custom. "If I had believed that she was going to quit us thus, we would have returned to Senlis to bid her adieu; that would have given her these pleasures, would it not, my wife?"

"I would rather that we remain here," murmured she. "It is so sad to bid adieu to the people that we love!"

"It is very certain thou art always grieved to the heart every time thou quittest Madame de Giropey; I have remarked it well; but, my poor little puss, thou shouldst be reasonable, and not be so sensitive. Thou shalt see again this good lady; I promise it to thee: when we retire from business, we will go and pass some time with our aunt Victoire; then, every day; every day—dost thou hear me!—we will pay a visit to Madame de Giropey. In the mean time, I am resolved that thou shalt amuse thyself; I will take thee everywhere, where amusements are going on, and even to the Opera—Go, my little woman, I will find, out the way to hinder thee from growing weary and sad."

From this epoch, Faustine felt the yoke which was pressing her down a burden too great for endurance. The species of tranquillity in which she had vegetated, during the first two years of her married life, was gone forever; ardent regrets had succeeded to her resignation, and her habitual melancholy was changed into a sadness, bitter and profound. The presence of her husband was for her a continual punishment; the marks of tenderness and confidence which he never ceased to lavish on her, filled her soul with confusion and remorse; he inspired in her the most contrary sentiments—at the same moment a lively gratitude, and an insurmountable aversion; a great esteem for the genial warmth of his heart, and a high disdain for his narrow mind and his vulgar manners. As she had a certain command over herself, and an extreme sweetness of character, her husband did not suspect what was passing in the depths of her soul; he did not perceive her struggles, her anguish, the mortal preoccupation which consumed her.

About two months passed away thus. One morning, whilst Monsieur Alexandre and his wife were at their counter, the letter-carrier brought in a letter of large dimensions, with black strings and other funeral accessories. The grocer opened it, glanced his eye over it, and said, addressing himself to Faustine:

"See here, my wife, that poor Monsieur de Giropey is dead! what a misfortune! so amiable a young man!"

On hearing these words, Faustine started with a slight exclamation; and fixed on her husband a look in which shone the most violent anguish and despair; then she arose, and ascended to her chamber with tottering steps. There were a great many people in the shop; the clerks were all occupied; no one had noticed the departure of the young wife, and no one, save her husband, had understood the terrible effect which the reading of this fatal letter had produced on her. On entering her chamber, the unhappy Faustine sank on her knees; for a moment she remained with her hands extended towards heaven, murmuring inarticulate exclamations of agony; then she fell prostrate on the floor, shedding torrents of tears. Her husband had followed her; and when the paroxysm of grief had subsided, and she had returned to herself, she saw him standing at her side; he was gazing on her with a look of silent rage, still holding in his hand the letter with the mourning emblems.

"Here," said he, throwing it at Faustine, "it is for you."

And as the unhappy woman turned aside her head with a feeble groan, he said in a stern voice:

"Enough! I am not jealous of a dead man; so you may tell me the truth, and ease your conscience."

"You loved then this young man?"

She bowed her head in silence, unwilling either to assent to the charge, or to tell a falsehood.

Then she arose, and unfolded with a trembling hand the dreadful letter which she had not yet read, but, hardly had she glanced over the first lines, than a slight flush mounted into her cheek, and she drew a long breath, as if the principle of life after a moment's suspension had suddenly returned, and caused her heart to beat more rapidly.

Then her eyes filled with tears, she let the letter fall at her feet, and covering her face with her handkerchief, she wept placidly and in silence.

Monsieur Alexandre gazed on her with astonishment; the next instant he hastily snatched the letter, and read it twice over with a haggard eye; then he muttered between his clenched teeth:

"Ah! I was mistaken; it is another Giropey who is dead; it is the father of the young man you love."

"Do not overwhelm me," said his young wife in a plaintive voice, but with a gesture of the head which announced, that she found strength and support in her conscience, and that she would not descend to a justification of herself.

There was a long silence; then Monsieur Alexandre turned towards his wife, his features immovable and pale as a mask of stone, and said to her with an air of stern authority:

"Go down to the counting room."

After this scene, Monsieur Alexandre never more mentioned the name of Gaston de Giropey; he even avoided all direct allusion to the revelation which had suddenly destroyed his peace and happiness. One would have believed,

that the remembrance of the discovery was already effaced, if there had not been a strange alteration in his temper and conduct. He plunged into business with a feverish activity, like one who could not find any moments of repose, except after excessive fatigue. Often he gave way to paroxysms of rage without a cause; and when his anger was appeased, he became melancholy and taciturn. His proceedings towards his wife were those of a morose man, the prey of a secret jealousy; he treated her with cold looks, and watched her in a manner not to leave her a single moment of liberty. In order that he might never lose sight of her, he ceased to occupy himself with out-door business, and never quitted the shop except on Sunday. On that day, as his custom had always been, he placed his wife in a carriage, and drove her about through Paris; then in the evening, he carried her in full dress to the play.

But after a time, an unhappy event occurred to put an end to these sad parties of pleasure.—Mademoiselle Victoire died very suddenly.

Faustine wept very much for her aunt, and went into full mourning as if for a mother; Victoire was the only relation who remained of her family, and after losing her, she so and herself entirely alone in the world.

After this affliction, her husband shut himself up with her every Sunday, and the wife sat silent, sad, and motionless near her window, while he established himself for the whole day at the other end of the sofa, his legs crossed and his eyes turned towards the street. The young wife bore patiently this species of tyranny; in fact, it was not the anger or resentment of her husband that she feared,—it was his love, it was his marks of faith and tenderness. Nevertheless, when she reflected upon all that he had done to make her happy, when she looked back upon the happiness which he had enjoyed in so much plenitude and security, and when she saw him seated there before her, his brow wrinkled with corroding care, his lips closed in sullen silence, his air gloomy and despondent, pangs of remorse ascended from the depths of her nature, as she accused herself of ingratitude, and reproached herself with having destroyed his blind felicity.

Madame de Giropey had written to her no more. The death of Mademoiselle Victoire severed the last tie that bound Faustine to the country of her birth where Gaston lived; from this epoch she received no tidings of him, even indirectly. Many months passed away without bringing any change to this situation; only Monsieur Alexandre had spoken of selling his establishment, and retiring into the country. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons, he would propose to his wife a short promenade. She would immediately put on her bonnet and accompany him, without making any objection, but without showing any token of pleasure. Then he would walk with her at random, with no other object in view than that of making her take the air for a short period, and often it happened, that the melancholy pair would re-enter their home without having exchanged a single word.

One winter's day, as they were thus passing along the boulevard Montmartre, which was then illuminated by a gleam of sunshine, Faustine had, as it were, a species of hallucination; it seemed to her that behind a window, the curtains of which were furtively drawn aside, she recognized the features of Gaston; and that he followed her with his eyes. Monsieur Alexandre felt a sudden tremor agitating the form which leaned upon his arm; he instantly looked around him, but he perceived nothing but unknown faces.

It was the year 1848; two days after this occurrence, the revolution which overturned the throne of the Citizen-king exploded. Monsieur Alexandre was distracted for a time by this great catastrophe; he had made a fortune under the fallen government; he had formerly worn the uniform of the national militia; and one day, while he was on guard at the Tuileries, the king had spoken to him;—thus he saw with the deeper regret the fall of the monarchy, and he was absorbed by the impression the political events made on his mind. When the National Guard was re-organized, he sprang at the idea of serving the republic, and resolved to incur all legal penalties, rather than enter the now hated service. He often said to his wife, showing to her his old uniform and his musket:

"The day on which there will be fighting against these republican brigands, I will descend into the street, and we shall soon see if I still know how to burn a cartridge! Oh! I was at the *Cloître Saint Mery* and I know the smell of powder!"

"God in heaven forbid, that we should ever again have a civil war!" replied Faustine sadly.

And now, enemies became frequent in Paris, and the populous quarters had often the aspect of a beleaguered city. The formidable clamoors of an enraged people were often heard to rise, and those whom its fury menaced, lived in continual anxiety and terror. Monsieur Alexandre no longer suffered his wife to remain at the counter; the moment that the first roll of the drum was heard, he hastened to shut his shop; then he ascended to the apartment in the entre-sol, and scrutinized from behind the window-blinds what was going on in the street.

But suddenly, there was in the soul of this man, an inexplicable return of his old impressions. He became again gloomy, taciturn, and indifferent to all things. His expressionless features told nothing of what was passing within, but the livid paleness of his face gave to him a sinister aspect. For the first time, Faustine trembled before him; she thought that he was becoming mad, and that he would kill her in some paroxysm of jealousy.

This was just before the advent of the terrible days of June. On the morning of the 24th, Monsieur Alexandre did not open his shop, and for six hours he remained in the chamber of Faustine, watching the movements of the troops, which were passing and repassing in the street. Suddenly he turned to his wife and said to her coldly:

"They are fighting over yonder, in the faubourg; there goes a battalion of the national guards, marching against the insurgents.—Ah! ah! there is an old acquaintance of mine among them that I have been long watching for; I am very glad to find him just at this moment."

At these words, he seized his musket.

"Where are you going?" cried Faustine, much alarmed, and throwing herself before her husband.

"I will go and fight," replied he, "and do you know where I am going? Behind the barricades,

for he will be in the front of them. I will try not to miss him. Adieu my wife!"

He precipitated himself out of the chamber, and went running out of the house. Faustine had attempted to follow him, but he was already out of sight when she had reached the last step of the staircase. Then she went up again to her chamber, and not daring to explain to herself the ominous words of her husband, or to dwell upon the conjectures which offered themselves to her thoughts, she hid her face in the cushion of the sofa, as if to shut out the light of day, and there she awaited her fate.

In the meanwhile, the shop boys that the grocer had consigned to the back shop, had ventured to go out; one of them went up stairs, and knocked at the door of the chamber. Faustine raised herself shuddering.

"Ah," murmured she, "it is you Jacques! Well, what is the matter?"

"Do you hear the cannon and musketry, over yonder, in the faubourg? Troops are passing every minute—several times I have been as far as the Boulevard, and I saw them carrying off the wounded."

"How horrible is all this!" said the young wife, putting her hands to her forehead with a gesture of despair. "And my husband, where is he now?"

"We all thought that he was here along with you," said the astonished boy.

It was then about ten o'clock at night; Faustine looked at her watch, murmuring:

"And when night comes!—oh God! deliver me from these torments, from this dreadful suspense! Oh God! take pity on me! grant that my husband may return, and that no misfortune may have happened!"

Almost in the same instant, a tumult was heard in the front of the house; the boy ran down stairs, and returned almost instantly, crying out:

"Madame! Ah, Madame! prepare yourself for bad news; they are bringing a man on a litter—I believe it is your husband."

And it was he in fact; he was wounded, covered with blood, and without signs of life. The crowd that accompanied the wounded man said to each other with astonishment:

"It is Monsieur Alexandre, the grocer! he was found behind the barricade. Who could have believed that a man like him would have fought with the insurgents? He has been wounded ever since morning; the first discharge struck him down; some person saw him fall."

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One winter's day, as they were thus passing along the boulevard Montmartre, which was then illuminated by a gleam of sunshine, Faustine had, as it were, a species of hallucination; it seemed to her that behind a window, the curtains of which were furtively drawn aside, she recognized the features of Gaston; and that he followed her with his eyes. Monsieur Alexandre felt a sudden tremor agitating the form which leaned upon his arm; he instantly looked around him, but he perceived nothing but unknown faces.

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They carried the dying man to his bed; his wife seated herself by him in tears, awaiting the sentence which the physicians might pronounce, and retiring into the country. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons, he would propose to his wife a short promenade. She would immediately put on her bonnet and accompany him, without making any objection, but without showing any token of pleasure. Then he would walk with her at random, with no other object in view than that of making her take the air for a short period, and often it happened, that the melancholy pair would re-enter their home without having exchanged a single word.

One winter's day, as they were thus passing along the boulevard Montmartre, which was then illuminated by a gleam of sunshine, Faustine had, as it were, a species of hallucination; it seemed to her that behind a window, the curtains of which were furtively drawn aside, she recognized the features of Gaston; and that he followed her with his eyes. Monsieur Alexandre felt a sudden tremor agitating the form which leaned upon his arm; he instantly looked around him, but he perceived nothing but unknown faces.

It was the year 1848; two days after this occurrence, the revolution which overturned the throne of the Citizen-king exploded. Monsieur Alexandre was distracted for a time by this great catastrophe; he had made a fortune under the fallen government; he had formerly worn the uniform of the national militia; and one day, while he was on guard at the Tuileries, the king had spoken to him;—thus he saw with the deeper regret the fall of the monarchy, and he was absorbed by the impression the political events made on his mind. When the National Guard was re-organized, he sprang at the idea of serving the republic, and resolved to incur all legal penalties, rather than enter the now hated service. He often said to his wife, showing to her his old uniform and his musket:

"The day on which there will be fighting against these republican brigands, I will descend into the street, and we shall soon see if I still know how to burn a cartridge! Oh! I was at the *Cloître Saint Mery* and I know the smell of powder!"

"God in heaven forbid, that we should ever again have a civil war!" replied Faustine sadly.

New York, April 16.

The ship Powhattan, supposed to be of this city, was wrecked on Sunday, near Little Egg harbor, and all on board perished—about 200 persons, all emigrants. 75 bodies were washed ashore.

The schooner Manhattan, of Bangor, Me., was also wrecked. Of the crew, there was but one survivor.

MARRIED—On the 20th inst., by the Rev. J. H. Linn, Mr. Jno. R. Crawford, of Madison, Ind., to Miss Joetta Cox, of this city.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Holloway's Pills for the Cure of Sick Headaches, Bile, and Weak and Disordered Stomachs.—These wonderful Pills have been the means of restoring to health many persons pronounced incurable by the faculty, both home and abroad. They may be taken with perfect safety, and a certainty of effecting a cure, by persons suffering from general debility, sick headache, diseases of the stomach, bile, or liver complaints, and those who are predisposed to dropsy cannot use a more effectual remedy than Holloway's Pills acting as they do upon the very main springs of life, to disease can resist their influence. The effect they have is mild, yet speedily, and as a family medicine they are unequalled.

A MASTER PIECE OUT-DONE.—We have lately supposed AYER'S Cherry pectoral was the Ultima Thule in its line and that nothing had been or would be invented which could surpass it in its fine points of excellence as a medicine.—But we are confidently asured by those competent to judge on the subject that Dr. Ayer's new pills excel in high medical artistry even that widely celebrated embodiment of his skill. He has succeeded in making them not only pleasant to take but powerful to cure the large class of complaints which require a

